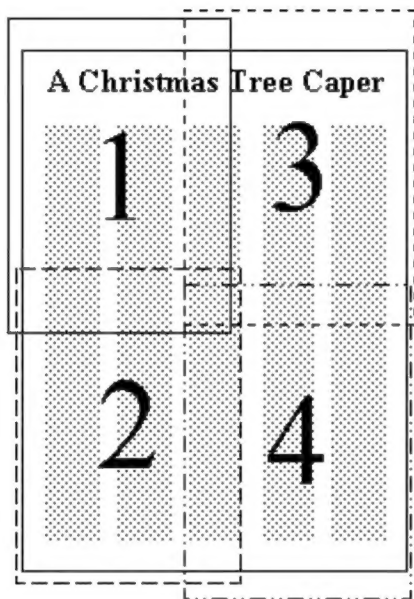


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



BRENDA STARR



Always the Season

By JACK RITCHIE

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MISS LINDA WILLIAMS stopped her typing and gazed out of the law office windows. She put her chin on the palm of her hand and appreciated the way he looked from the back.

There he was again, just ten feet and one plate glass window away. She liked the way he carried himself and even the way he frowned at his watch because the bus was late.

He wore a tan topcoat and a matching hat and carried a shiny new briefcase. Miss Williams thought the clothes fitted wonderfully.

Miss Tessie Harris, the other secretary for Berg, Berg, and Bronson, Attorneys, quit sorting copies of a brief. She was late thirtyish, slightly plump, and met most of life's troubles with a grin. "Maybe he's married," Tessie said.

Linda heard the remark from far away and took some time in responding. "He can't be," she said. "Otherwise I wouldn't feel this way."

Tessie came closer to the window for a critical inspection. "I guess you're right," she said. "I don't know exactly what that married look is supposed to be, but he hasn't got it."

The big yellow bus picked up the object of their attention and then whisked him away.

"You don't even know his name," Tessie said.

Linda's voice reflected despair. "What can I do? Every day I push this desk closer and closer to the window, hoping he'll notice me. In another few days I'll be out on the street."

PUFFED CONTENTEDLY ON HIS CIGAR

The senior Mr. Berg came out of his office puffing contentedly on a cigar. He put a sheaf of papers on Linda's desk. "Turn this on

wrong with her?" he asked Tessie. "Sick or something?"

"She's in love," Tessie said.

Mr. Berg said, "Oh!" He clasped his hands behind his back and stared out at the wind rustling dead leaves along the street. "Isn't it the wrong time of the year for that?" he asked.

In the course of another week of desk moving, Linda Williams lost three pounds and acquired the pallor of sadness. Miss Tessie, who regarded Linda as a daughter, felt infinite compassion.

One morning as Linda blinked away a tear, Tessie patted her consolingly on the shoulder.

"I just don't know what to do to attract his attention," Linda said, sniffing. "And still be a lady."

"I know who he is," Tessie Harris said.

Linda ceased dabbing at her eyes and looked at Tessie.

"His name is James Finchley Woke," Tessie said. "He's junior partner in the law firm of Wade and Woke." She colored a little. "I followed him yesterday, my day off."

Linda was aghast. "You didn't!"

"I did," Tessie said firmly.

Linda went dreamy. "James Finchley Woke," she said with soft reverence. "Isn't that beautiful?"

"Absolutely heavenly," Tessie said.

Then Linda sighed. "But what good does knowing his name do for me? I'm still out in the cold."

Tessie was about to make a sharp remark to the effect that girls nowadays had no gumption whatsoever. However she remembered in time that she was a fine one to talk. There was 'no Mrs.' in front of her name either.

"Nothing like that," Tessie said. "Only a few crumpled fenders. But Mr. Ponsonbee was quite angry about it."

Linda's eyes went wide. "Mr. Ponsonbee?"

Tessie recalled it to mind. "My heavens!" she said. "The names he called me! And the names I called him!" Triumph gleamed in her eye. "All in all, I rather think I got the better of it."

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Mr. Berg was more than confused. "You, Tessie?" he asked. "You struck Mr. Ponsonbee's car?"

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"Honestly!" Tessie said. "That old man is impossible."

"So he likes to sue people," Mr. Berg said. "Don't be too hard on him. Every man's got to have a hobby."

Tessie glanced at the papers and lifted an eyebrow. "He's suing just because his neighbor's car knocked down a couple of bushes on the boundary of his property!"

Mr. Berg grinned. "It's the principle of the thing." Then he shrugged his shoulders. "Also I couldn't talk him out of it."

Linda's eyes were still cloudy and now Mr. Berg noticed. "What's

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She turned to her work, brooding for a while on her personal problems before she returned her thoughts to Mr. Woke.

The next morning Miss Tessie Harris was two hours late for work. There was the fire of anger in her eyes, but also a considerable amount of satisfaction.

"What happened, Tessie?" Linda asked. "I was worried and called your apartment, but you didn't answer."

Tessie took off her gloves and coat. "Nothing much," she said. "I just had a small accident with my car."

"Oh, Dear!" Linda said sympathetically. "I hope no one was hurt."

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The Correct Thing *By Elinor Ames*

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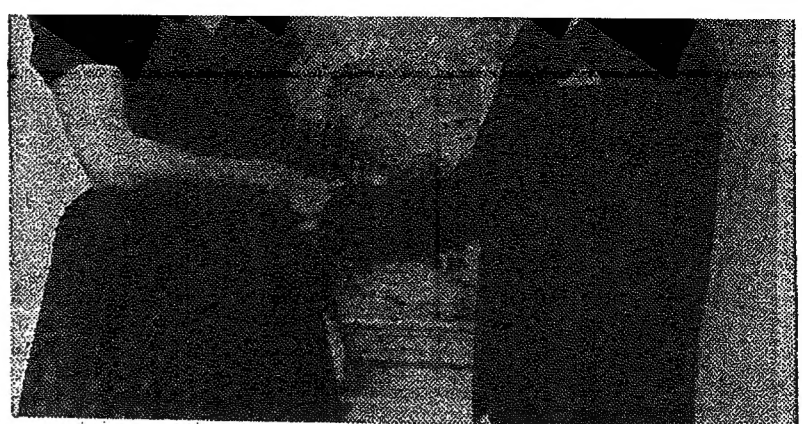
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Mr. Woke thought that was a brilliant idea. "Excellent," he said. "Why didn't I think of that."

He stood there in the silence playing with the thought of leaving. Finally he cleared his throat. "You know," he said to Linda. "This is rather a coincidence."

"Really?" Miss Linda Williams said, with magnificent nonchalance, knowing that coincidence had very little to do with it.

Mr. Woke felt warm. "Yes," he said. "I've been taking a bus daily right outside of this office for the last month."

He cleared his throat again. "I've noticed you," he said.

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After the happily dazed Mr. Woke left, Tessie and Linda hugged each other and Linda was delirious for half an hour. When she came out of her cloud, she saw that Tessie's mood had changed. She actually appeared downcast and moody.

"What's the matter, Tessie?" Linda asked, worried.

"It's Woke's partner," Tessie said, sighing. "I saw him before I insisted on seeing Woke."

Tessie gazed into space. "Mr. Albert Horace Wade. Distinguished touches of gray at the temples, about forty, and single, I'm sure."

Linda was a loyal and true friend. She laid aside her happiness for the moment and sat down to help Tessie think about Mr. Albert Horace Wade.

He didn't have a chance.

THE END



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